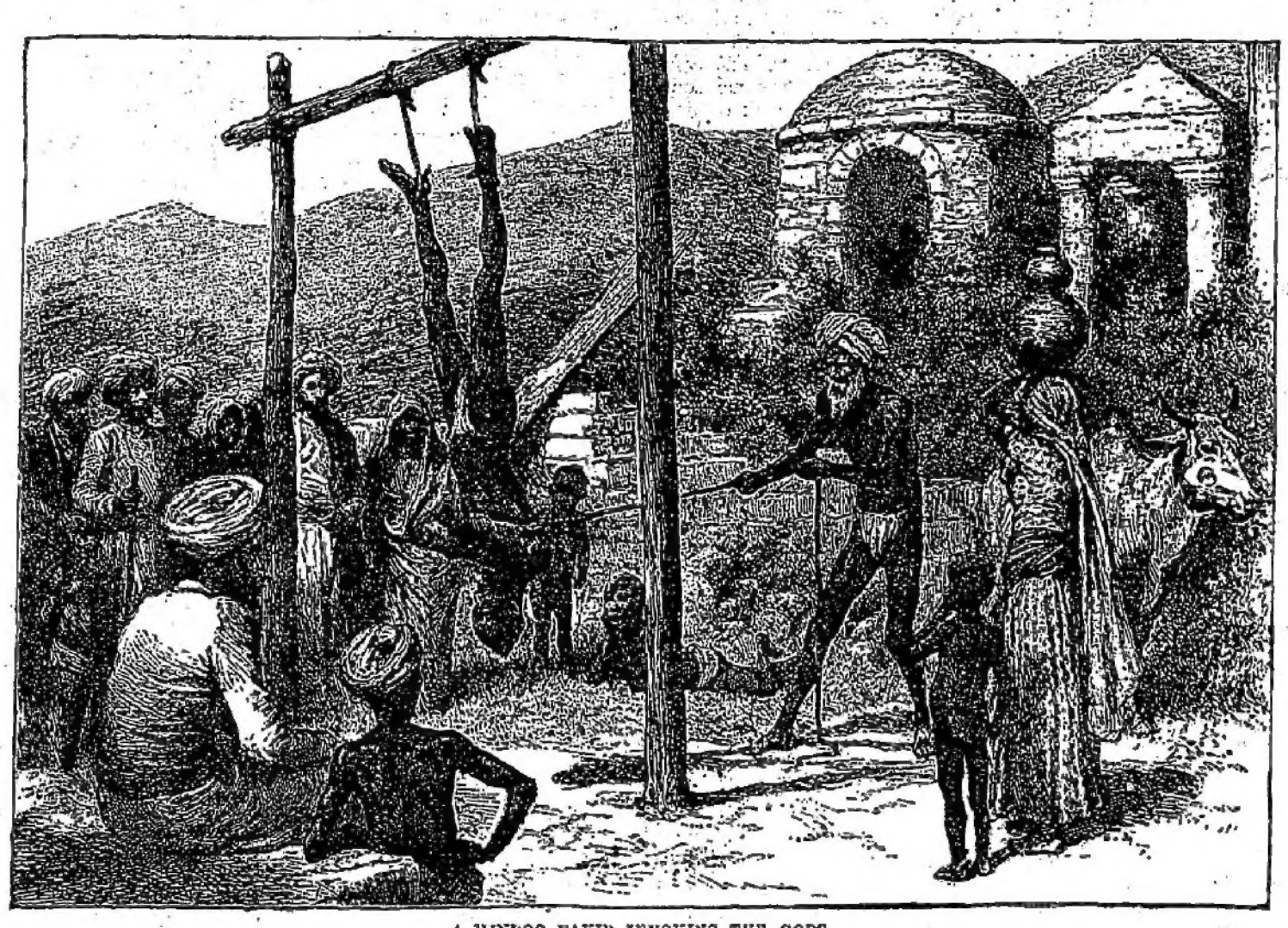
DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVI., No. 24. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 27, 1891. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

PRAYING FOR RAIN IN INDIA.

While in Christian countries they are planning how to bring down rain on parched districts by exploding gunpowder in the air, in Northern India they try a different method.

"Last winter," says the London *Graphic*, "the season was a very dry one in Kumaon, and consequently there was a failure of the crops, with great scarcity in the district. With the exception of a few showers, there were no winter rains, and that in a country where the population is almost wholly dependent upon grain as a means of subsistence meant a famine and starvation. In consequence of the drought a Hindoo Fakir imposed a penance upon himself, and was suspended by his feet from a wooden beam. In this position he was swung backwards and forwards for a considerable time by means of a rope attached to his body, and pulled by a fellow saint. Both men were plentifully bedaubed with cow-dung and ashes, and, save for a small cloth round the waist, were minus all clothing. In such a case, should rain fall within reasonable time after the penance, the Fakir takes the entire credit for the relief to himself, and rises immensely in the estimation of the simple and credulous cultivator of the soil."



A HINDOO FAKIR INVOKING THE GODS.

This all in the last decade of the nineteenth century! And yet there are people who say, "Let the heathen alone, they are well enough off as they are."

"WHY CAN'T YOU GO, DEAR?"

Five years ago Alice Cameron's answer to the question, "What is the chief end of man?" was "To gratify self and enjoy life to the utmost."

I do not mean that she would have replied in just those words had the question been asked her directly, yet that was the answer which for twenty years her life had been unmistakably, though unconsciously, giving.

It was a bright May day after a fortnight of dismal weather and Alice meant to improve it by visiting a friend. The cars were full and she took a vacant seat beside a little lady dressed in black, who was evidently unused to travelling and somewhat nervous. As the brakeman called out the name of the station which they were approaching, she turned to Alice and asked anxiously, "Did he say Springdale?"

"Oh, no," said Alice kindly, "this is Bingdon; we do not reach Springdale for a half hour."

"Thank you," said the other, "I do not always understand what the man says. Perhaps," she added inquiringly, "you are a delegate too?"

"A delegate!" repeated Alice in surprise.

"To the missionary meeting at Springdale, I mean," explained the companion. "I am one and I was hoping you were."

"Oh, no," said Alice with an amused smile.

"It seems almost too good to be true to think I am one myself. You see when our society elected me, I didn't think I could possibly go. Why, I haven't been away from home over night for fifteen years. But they all just insisted on it, and our folks at home just joined in with them and wouldn't listen to any excuse, and so here I am almost there," and she ended with a contagious little laugh.

"I am glad you could go," said Alice, sincerely, "I hope your meeting will be interesting."

"Of course it will," said her companion with animation. "Why Mrs. B—— from India and Mrs. C—— from Africa are to be here. Of course you've read about them?" but without waiting for Alice's confession of ignorance she went on: "Isn't it wonderful how we learn to love those women, just reading their letters and praying for them? Many a time when my life has been so hard that it seemed as if I couldn't bear it I've thought of them and the sacrifices they were making, or of the poor heathen women whose lives are so full of poverty and toil and sorrow, until I'd be ashamed to complain and—"

"Springdale," shouted the brakeman, and at once the little lady was all excitement.

Alice, who was to change cars there, went with her to the platform and saw her and several other delegates cordially welcomed by a committee of ladies. Looking after them Alice thought, "I believe an interest in missions is good for such people. It is an opening into their narrow lives through which they catch some glimpses of the outside world," and with this true thought she dismissed the matter from her mind.

Two days later, when she stopped at Springdale to change cars on her return, she found that the train had just gone and she must wait four hours for another.

"Four hours! how annoying," she exclaimed. "There's some kind of a ladies' meeting in the church a few blocks down the street," suggested the station agent.

"That wonderful missionary meeting," thought Alice. "I declare I believe I will go and see if my friend is enjoying herself. Anything is better than waiting here;" and in a few moments she stood at the open church door. She was met by a pleasant young lady usher who, singularly enough, seated her beside her travelling companion. Alice's first glance assured her that the little lady had not been disappointed in the meeting, even before her eager whisper: "I'm so glad you are here. I've been nearer heaven than I ever expected to be in this world."

It was the afternoon devotional hour, and the hymn they were singing when she entered was followed by one voice after another in simple, earnest prayer, and Alice, who had never attended a prayer-meeting nor heard a woman pray, listened with a strange awe.

At the close of the half-hour the president introduced Mrs. B—— from India, who spoke of what she had seen and known during her twenty years' experience, and as Alice heard for the first time the sad story of our sisters there, "unwel-

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come at birth, untaught in childhood, unprotected in widowhood, uncared for in old age, unmourned at death," her eyes were often filled with tears.

Then two young ladies, who were soon to leave for their fields of labor, one in China and one in Africa, spoke of the way God had led them into the work and what a privilege they felt it to be, and a silvery-haired, sweet-faced lady wished them joy as they took up the work she had been compelled reluctantly to lay down, and turning to the audience she pleaded for other helpers, presenting the needs of the field, the Lord's commands and the joy of service with enthusiastic earnestness. As she concluded a light touch on Alice's arm called her attention and she turned to meet the wistful gaze of the little lady's eyes and to hear the question,

"Why can't you go, dear?"

Surprised, disturbed, annoyed, her only answer was an *impatient shake of the* head, and rising quickly she left the room.

Out in the bright sunshine she laughed at the impression the meeting had made on her, but that question went with her and she could not shake it off. As if to settle the matter she would say, "Of course I cannot go, I am not a Christian myself."

Then she seemed again to see those wistful eyes and to hear the gentle voice saying, "Why are you not a Christian, dear?"

And day and night those two questions haunted her.

All summer long she tried to stifle them, but at the seashore the very waves repeated them and among the mountains she heard them in the song of the birds or the rustle of the breeze, until she knew that her only reason for not going was because she was not a Christian, and her only reason for not being a Christian was because she did not want to go.

But at last there came a day when her stubborn will surrendered and she said:

"I will follow thee, my Saviour,
Wheresoe'er thou leadest me."

and then by the wonderful alchemy of love, what she had shrunk from as a painful duty was changed to a most precious privilege, and to-day Alice Cameron in the far-off zenanas of India is teaching by loving words and silent example that the "chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever."

And often in the twilight, "weary in the work but not of it," as she tries to plan how her single pair of hands can best distribute the precious bread of life to the perishing multitudes around her, she longs for helpers, and her thoughts go back to the dear home-land and to her young sisters there, with their lives before them so full of promise and possibilities, and she would fain beckon to many a one and whisper, "Why can't you come, dear?"—*Helena Maynard, in Standard.*

A PREACHER'S TRIAL.

Choir members, inattentive hearers, and many other careless attendants upon divine worship, little think how distressing their conduct may be to the preacher. The *Contemporary Review*, however, in a recent article, thus states the case exactly, as any speaker, even any Sunday-school teacher, can testify:—

It is commonly supposed by those that sit in the pews that the preacher gets it all his own way, and that he has the people at his mercy. Were they to change places with him they would soon be undeceived.

The preacher is really in a singularly defenceless position. If he be an orator, his temperament is nervous, and his brain is so sensitive that he feels all the currents of wandering thoughts, of opposition as well as of lively sympathy, that flit to and fro like electric brain-waves between him and his audience. His ear catches the faintest sound; he hears whispering, scraping, coughing, the rustling of a fan. The wandering eye, the flourish of a handkerchief, —a thousand things unperceived by others, or by himself in his ordinary state, are grasped with intolerable vividness. He is for the time, in fact, highly sensitized and mediumistic. It is a battle between his magnetism and the magnetism of the crowd. He wrestles with the mass to bring it under control; he must be master and win, or he must be routed and fail miserably. The pulpit is a moral pillory or a throne.

Any one person in the congregation can set himself to insult or worry the preacher, and unless the disturber promptly finds his match in the pulpit, the preacher is humiliated and defeated. Active insolence is worse than passive sleep, and none but preachers know how often it has to be dealt with, or let alone in despair.

TEMPERANCE TEACHING IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

It is not only the possible future dangers of those now young, but the present ravages of our drinking customs and of alcoholized childhood; the encroachments of evil habit on boys and girls and youths that demand our vigilance. Two-thirds of the juvenile population of school age have been computed to be in Sabbath-schools, but only one-third in connection with any kind of juvenile temperance organization, while 45,000 former Sabbath scholars are yearly drawn into the currents of intemperance. Those of the senior classes in all our large cities are liable to be allured by companionship and the assumptions of premature manhood to the public-house, or into the habits of imitative indulgence in other scenes. Chaplains, governors of prisons, police superintendents, judges, and ministers bear common testimony to the deadly inroads of strong drink amongst the young, and the need of the armor of youthful abstinence. Twenty-two thousand children have been counted in public-houses in a city like Manchester on a single Sabbath evening. One English chaplain states that of 724 prisoners visited in the county gaol 644 had been Sabbath scholars; and the governor of another southern gaol, that of 22,000 prisoners under his care during fifteen years not one was a total abstainer. Mr. Justice Hawkins declared his belief that "nine-tenths of the crime of this country is engendered inside the doors of public-houses." The Rev. Dr. M'Fadyen replied to the question, "How came your scholars to the prison?"—"Drink opened the way from the school to the prison."

The question presses, Where go our Sabbath scholars? Do they leave our classes armed and fortified by suitable instruction and impressions on the subject of strong drink, or are they allowed to pass through our hands to fall unwarned before the allurements of the drinking system which pervades society, in the public-house, the home life, and the festive life of our generation, a sure proportion of them going, from lack of wise or faithful counsel, in the way of shame and destruction? And when we find others not better or more hopefully situated escape those pitfalls, who have received indelible impressions from the example and teachings of the Sabbath-school or otherwise of the evils of intemperance, and have adopted the practice of abstinence, is it not strongly suggested to us that their salvation has been in their better temperance upbringing, and that were like salutary influences to surround our young people generally while early in our hands in Sabbath school classes and other scenes of discipline, the sins and sorrows of our intemperance would largely disappear with a dying-out generation?—*Dr. Hutton of Greenock.*

PRAYER BY MACHINERY IN JAPAN

On the highroads in Japan, every mountain, every hill, every cliff is consecrated to some divinity; at all these places, therefore, travellers have to repeat prayers, and frequently several times over. But as the fulfilment of this duty would detain them too long on the road, the Japanese have invented the following means to prevent this inconvenience. Upon these spots, consecrated to divinities, they have set up posts to mark the distances. In these posts a long vertical cut is made, about an *arsheen* and a half above the ground, on which a flat round iron plate turns, like a sheave in a block. Upon this plate the prayer is engraved which is dedicated to the divinity of the place; to turn it round is equivalent to repeating the prayer, and the prayer is supposed to be repeated as many times as it turns round. In this manner the traveller is able, without stopping and, merely by turning the plate with his fingers, to send up even more prayers to the divinity than he is obliged to do.

ONE BIBLE CLASS TEACHER.

Mr. Pentecost tells how a Western Bible-class teacher won his boys to Christ. He prayed for them daily, and set himself to get them to the revival meetings. The last night, just as the service was ended, he said to the evangelist: "Mr. Pentecost, I want you to speak to one of my boys. He is almost persuaded." They withdrew from the crowd. The young man was induced to kneel, and, when he arose, he was rejoicing in Christ. With tears of gratitude that teacher thanked Mr. Pentecost, and said: "This is the last of fifteen who have come to Christ." They only can know such joy as this who are willing to pay the price.—*Sunday School Teacher.*

THE BETTER PRAYER.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

When I sit and think of heaven, so beautiful and dear,
Think of the sweet peace reigning there and the contentions here,
Think of the safe, sure justice beside the earthly wrong,
And set out ringing discords against celestial song,
And all the full securities beside "O Lord, how long?"
Oh, then I long to be there, and in my heart I pray,
"Lord, open thou the pearly gates, and let me in to-day."

And then I turn to earth again, and in my thoughts I see
The small, unnoted corner given in charge to me,
The work that needs be done there which no one else will do,
The briars that rend, the tares that spring, the heartsease choked with rue,
The plants that must be trained and set to catch the sun and dew;
And there seems so much to do there, that in my heart I pray,
"Lord, shut thy gate, and call me not, and let me work to-day."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 6, 1891.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.—John 19:17-30.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"For Christ also hath once suffered for sins."—1 Pet. 3:18.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 19:17-30.—Christ Crucified.
T. 1 Pet. 2:13-25.—"Christ Suffered for Us."
W. Rom. 5:1-21.—Christ Died for the Ungodly.
Th. Matt. 27:27-54.—Christ Forsaken.
F. Gal. 3:1-14.—Christ Made a Lesson for Us.
S. Isa. 53:1-12.—Christ Bearing our Cross.
S. Col. 1:1-23.—"Christ in You the Hope of Glory."

LESSON PLAN.

I. Christ on the Cross. vs. 17-22.
II. Gambling Beneath the Cross. vs. 23, 24.
III. Words Spoken from the Cross. vs. 25-30.

TIME.—A.D. 30. Friday, April 7, from nine to three o'clock: Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Calvary (Golgotha), just outside the walls of Jerusalem, on the north side.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

Study carefully the parallel accounts, Matt. 27:35-50; Mark 15:24-37; Luke 23:33-46. V. 17. *Went forth*—out of the city. *Golgotha*—so named from its having the form of a skull. "Calvary," the same word in Latin, has the same meaning. V. 18. *Jesus in the midst*—as the chief malefactor. Crucifixion was a form of death inflicted only on slaves and the very worst of criminals. The victim suffered the most agonizing torture. V. 19. *Title*—the alleged crime for which he suffered. V. 20. *In Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin*—the three representative languages of the world. V. 23. *His garments*—by Roman custom they belonged to his executioners. *Coat*—the close-fitting under garment. V. 24. *That the scripture*—Ps. 22:18. V. 25. *His mother's sister*—probably Salome, wife of Zebedee and mother of John. *Cleophas*—or Alpheus, the father of James the Less. Mark 3:18. V. 26. *Whom he loved*—John himself, chs. 13:23; 20:2; 21:7, 20. *Behold thy son*—upon him henceforth as the son. V. 27. *Behold thy mother*—regard and treat her as a mother. V. 28. *Might be fulfilled*—Ps. 67:21. V. 29. *Vinegar*—sour wine, the common drink of the soldiers. V. 30. *It is finished*—the whole work of redemption.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. CHRIST ON THE CROSS. vs. 17-22.—Whither did Jesus go? What was done with him? Who were crucified with him? What writing was put on the cross? What objections did the chief priests wish Pilate to make? What was his reply?

II. GAMBLING BENEATH THE CROSS. vs. 23, 24.—What did the soldiers do when they had crucified Jesus? What is said of one of the garments? What was done with it? What scripture was fulfilled?

III. WORDS SPOKEN FROM THE CROSS. vs. 25-30.—Who stood by the cross? What did Jesus say to his mother? What did he say to John? What did John do? What did Jesus then say? Of what scripture was this a fulfilment? What was then done? What did Jesus then say? What followed this saying? What good work was then *finished*? What other words spoken from the cross are recorded in the gospels?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Christ was numbered with the transgressors that we might be numbered with the righteous.
2. That he set us an example in his loving care for his mother.
3. That Christ crucified is the wisdom and power of God for the salvation of men.
4. That it is only through Christ's death that we can live.
5. That we should live for him who thus died for us.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. How was Christ put to death? Ans. He was crucified with two robbers.
2. What inscription was put on his cross? Ans. Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews.
3. What provision did he make for his mother? Ans. He committed her to the care of John, the disciple whom he loved.
4. What did the soldiers do with his clothing? Ans. They divided it among themselves, casting lots for his coat.
5. What did Jesus say just before his death? Ans. It is finished.

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 13, 1891.

CHRIST RISEN.—John 20:1-18.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again."—Rom. 8:34.

HOME READINGS.

M. Matt. 28:1-15.—The Empty Tomb.
T. Luke 24:1-12.—The Vision of Angels.
W. John 20:1-18.—The Risen Christ.
Th. Mark 16:1-11.—Early at the Tomb.
F. Acts 13:26-39.—Raised by the Power of God.
S. Acts 17:22-34.—The Risen Judge.
S. Acts 2:22-36.—"Having Loosed the Pains of Death."

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Empty Tomb. vs. 1-10.
II. The Vision of Angels. vs. 11-13.
III. The Risen Christ. vs. 14-18.

TIME.—A. D. 30, Sunday morning, April 9, the third day after the crucifixion: Tiberius Cæsar emperor at Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—At the sepulchre and in Jerusalem.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

Jesus was crucified on Friday, and buried the same evening. He lay in the grave two nights and the intervening day (the Jewish Sabbath), and rose from the dead early on the morning of the first day of the week. Read Matt. 28; Mark 16; Luke 24. V. 1. *Mary Magdalene*—with Mary the mother of James, Salome, Joanna and others. V. 2. *Runneth*—back to the city, without waiting to examine the sepulchre. *They have taken*—she had no thought of his resurrection. V. 8. *Believed*—that Jesus had risen. Luke 24:16. V. 9. *As yet understood not*—did not understand. *The scripture*—Ps. 16:10. [Compare Acts 2:25-31; 13:34, 35.] V. 11. *Mary*—Mary Magdalene, who had returned to the sepulchre. *Weeping*—full of grief, not expecting what joy was in store for her. V. 16. *Jesus saith unto her*—his tone and manner instantly revealing him known to her. V. 17. *Touch me not*—delay not now for the expression of your attachment. Look forward to a sweeter and more blessed communion with me when I am ascended to my Father.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—How long was Jesus in the tomb? On what day of the week did he rise? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE EMPTY TOMB. vs. 1-10.—When did Mary Magdalene come to the sepulchre? Who were with her? What did she see? Who had removed the stone? To whom did Mary go? What did she say to them? What did these disciples do? Who came first to the sepulchre? What did Peter do? What is said of the other disciples? What did these disciples not yet know? Where did they go?

II. THE VISION OF ANGELS. vs. 11-13.—Who remained at the sepulchre? What did she do? Whom did she see? What did the angels say to Mary? What did she reply? Who did she think had removed the body? For what purpose?

III. THE RISEN CHRIST. vs. 14-18.—What did Mary then do? Whom did she see? Why did she not know him? What did Jesus say to her? Whom did Mary suppose him to be? What was her reply? What did Jesus then say to her? What did she answer? What did Jesus forbid? Why? What did he command? What did Mary do?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That we have a risen and living Saviour.
2. That because he has risen from the dead, we also shall rise with spiritual bodies like his glorious body.
3. That we should tell the glad news of a risen Saviour.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did Mary Magdalene see when she came to the sepulchre? Ans. She saw the stone rolled away and the sepulchre open.
2. What did she do? Ans. She went and told Peter and John.
3. What did these disciples do? Ans. They went to the sepulchre, and found that it was empty.
4. To whom did Jesus first appear? Ans. He appeared first to Mary Magdalene as she stood weeping at the sepulchre.
5. What did he command her to do? Ans. Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and my God, and your God.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TRAINING GIRLS AND BOYS IN HOUSEWORK.

BY HARRIET CARTER.

I was going down street one day not long ago when I met my little ten-year-old nephew in company with another boy of about the same age. The latter was saying:

"Oh, I've got the money, if mamma thinks it is right for me to do it."

He said it in a perfectly matter-of-fact way, as if it was the most natural thing in the world for children to be independent in such matters.

My nephew looked at him for a moment with a sort of awed expression on his face, as if he stood in the presence of a little prince, and then turned to walk on with me. I, too, will confess a strong feeling of curiosity, as I at once asked him who his friend was, and was told that he lived in the new house only a few doors distant from my own home. I called there several times in a neighborly way, but had always gone in school hours or when the children were out, so had never seen them.

My little companion waxed eloquent over his new friend, and finally exclaimed, "It's the funniest thing! He never has to ask his papa for money, but only if he may do things and go to places; and if his father says 'yes,' why he has the money his own self. I'd just like to know how he gets it! It must be awful nice not to have to ask for every cent, and not to wonder for so long whether a fellow can have it or not!"

As this was a question in which I was interested too, I determined to presume on my neighborly acquaintance and inquire of the bright little mother concerning it. This I did soon after, running in to see her one afternoon.

Laughingly she replied to the question which I asked after telling her of my curiosity and how it was aroused. "No, indeed, the boy has not inherited any fortune; the children all earn their money." And then seeing that my wonder did not abate any, she explained as follows:

"Their father and I have positive ideas about the bringing up of children. We decided that ours should be taught to work, that they should never be allowed to grow up in ignorance of the things which they ought to know. We think those girls who are allowed to grow to womanhood without knowing how to take full charge of a house in all its departments have been cheated of their rights; and that boys untrained in their part of the home work are treated just as badly.

"My daughters are now fourteen and twelve years of age. For two years I have kept no servant in the kitchen. The girls are held responsible for a certain amount of the work, which I vary so that they shall have practice in all parts. We lay out our household studies, as we call them, to correspond with the terms of school, and then lighten them, or adapt them in any way to suit the requirements of vacation. For the present term they are devoting themselves to cooking. Next term we take up baking, and the work then will consist partly of review lessons, as we have already spent one term on that. Next year I shall keep a servant girl, and we shall give ourselves to sewing.

"The girls have had some practice now in nearly all things connected with general housework, and I am sure you will not think it boasting when I say that they are quite accomplished little housekeepers. Indeed, I left them two weeks last summer to manage affairs by themselves, and their father has tried to tease me ever since by declaring that the house was never run so well.

"The boys are younger, but they have their regular drill too. They work in the garden, help to keep the yard in order, and do chores about the house, and they have a share in the regular house work too. I am sure they could even now prepare for themselves a very comfortable meal. When they are young men they will understand thoroughly the art of housekeeping. The children all take turns in going to market and in buying the groceries and general supplies, the girls now going frequently alone and trusting to their own judgment. They already know what many a housekeeper does not—how to tell what are the good cuts of all kinds of meat, how to pick out the best fowls, and they are good judges of butter."

"Well," I said after a little pause, for she evidently thought she had told the whole story, and I had been so interested that for a moment I entirely forgot what I had wanted to know at first, "now if you will add to the account how they earn their money, I shall feel as if I had been let into a new secret of making housework a happy calling."

Again her merry laugh filled the room. "I made so many and such long digressions that I never got round to the point in question at all; just like some loquacious women of whom we occasionally read. Well, the father attends to the money part of the arrangement. He gives to each child a little account book which must be accurately kept. He pays the girls ten cents an hour for all the time they work, the older boy eight cents, and the little six-year-old, five cents. Once a week the books are all closely inspected. With the older ones, when the debit and credit sides will not balance, a deduction is made from their earnings; this is to make them more careful. For the little boys, as yet, the mistakes are only pointed out and more attention required for next time.

"The children are allowed a certain freedom in spending their money. They are not obliged to account for it all, though it is usually a pleasure for them to do so. The girls are expected now, with their earnings, to supply themselves with all the little extra articles of dress, such as slippers, gloves, handkerchiefs, ribbons; to buy their holiday and other gifts; and to meet the little outside expenses, to provide for which, usually proves such a trouble to most children. Ours have learned by experience to keep a little supply always on hand, and so feel independent when such needs arise.

"Nothing is ever permitted to interfere with the payments. At the appointed time the money is paid down. Sometimes, when, for any reason, they have been unusually industrious and worked extra hours, the payments are quite heavy. This frequently happens when they wish an extra amount of money. But as they are willing to work and earn it fairly, it is only right to give them the opportunity. Any other arrangement would discourage them and defeat our plan. And in the end it is a much more economical way than to give them the money that they would ask for; it makes them and us far happier. Besides it is teaching them that thorough business principles are to be carried into every department of life.

"This is our scheme, briefly outlined. We take great pleasure in working it out, and are sure of the good results that must follow it in all the after life of our children."

And I went away feeling that she had made a mistake when she said her boy had not come into possession of a fortune. These children had all inherited the best legacy which could fall to little mortals.—*Ladies' Pictorial Journal.*

AN ARAB'S SALT.

There are few social duties more incumbent on us than the duty of hospitality. Many householders fail to recognize this, and, although their means are ample, have an idea that they are doing a more praiseworthy thing in devoting themselves to their family, as they call it, live with closed doors, and never "seek to find the way to heaven by doing deeds of hospitality." They are faithful in all their outside duties, punctual in their payments, frequent in their charities, church-supporting, somewhat public-spirited, subscribing money on occasion, visiting a hospital now and then, lending countenance to a course of lectures, and once in a while acting on committees for the establishment of a public bath-house, a library, or opera hall. But their house is literally their castle, and once over the threshold of the front door, the drawbridge is up and the portcullis is down, and one has to sing out, "What, warder, ho!" and blow the horn loud and long, before gaining admittance.

They consider this barring of the door, and this seclusion and retirement within the walls of home, as something greatly to their credit; they are domestic, they think; they are devoted to home, dislike publicity, have the good taste to court privacy; and they plume themselves upon it all past belief. With these people the very fact that a person is a stranger is the reason why they do not take him in; they would accord him but grudging entrance, as when one stands with the door ajar and looks askance at an intruder, even if he had brought letters from the Grand Khan or other more or less exalted personages.

Yet it is to be questioned if a home with all its comforts and delights was given to any one of these people, or if he were allowed to attain it, for his own selfish seclusion or enjoyment, if it is not a sequestration of something in the great partnership of the world's economy that is not altogether his own, and if one has a right to shut himself up there like a Turk in his harem and be more chary of his salt than a Bedouin in the desert.

If one's home is fair and fine, with soft carpets, rugs, pictures, marbles, china, with gentle service, luxurious living, loving children, gracious wife, should all the blessings that these things give, even if one is the apparent source of them himself, has gathered and secured them by close effort and self-denial, be kept to one's self alone, like the bone the dog gnaws, and buries till he can come back to it? It is not privacy and seclusion that give a home its sacredness. Far from it. It is its happiness, its healthiness, its helpfulness, its capacity to do good, to impart that happiness and healthiness, its power of lifting all the rest of the world into its own atmosphere. Those homes that are open to the homeless are the sacred ones: the homes where there is always a pillow for the weary, always a spare place at the table for the wanderer; the homes whose beauty is shed abroad like the gracious dew from heaven that Portia talked about. There may be many mansions in heaven, but he who thinks they are mansions from which every other heavenly inhabitant is excluded has made a mistake in the place; it would not be heaven then. However we may dispute and declare that a man has a right to be undisturbed in his own house, yet we know in our inner consciousness that we all regard the man who brings another home to dinner, sure of a cordial greeting for him there, who will not let the stranger find his welcome in an inn on a holiday when homes are dearest, who throws open his house to the parish, whose lights are always shining and inviting as you go by his windows, across whose doorstep guests are often coming and going, who loves his home so much and finds it so complete that he must have other people to love it too, and if they have nothing half so choice, then share some brief portion of it with them—that man we all know to be a good citizen, a husband honoring his wife, a Christian in deed, and withal a gentleman.—*Harper' Bazar.*

FARMERS' WIVES.

Too many farmers' wives are wearing out under the strain of mind and body. They say they cannot find time to visit, to read, or to write; but if these same women would arrange their plans, instead of letting things go hit or miss, they would find time for some recreations.

Each day's work should be arranged the previous evening, and carried out next day as far as circumstances will permit.

To be an agreeable life partner, the wife should not overtax herself. She should not give up all her former friends and live only in the atmosphere of home. To be able to do the best for her family and self, she needs to mingle with others outside of the home. The wife who rises early, and has her hands and mind both taxed, needs a short nap daily, and time for reading in the evening. Thus strength will be retained, the body better able to perform the labors, and the mind at ease, thus securing happiness in the home. Real troubles may find their way there, but we should not always be "meeting them half way," and then we shall have reserved strength to bear them more bravely when they do come.

The wife should be ready to go with her husband to dine, or to a picnic now and then, or to spend a social evening out. We should keep ourselves interested in our friends while we work. With pleasant surroundings the life of a farmer's wife need not be the dull, monotonous one which it is thought by so many to be.

Farmers' wives, see to it, before it is too late. Learn to enjoy. Take time to admire the view which surrounds you. Enter into the pleasures of social life. Enjoy the luxuries of your home. Look upon employment as the best preventive of worry, and you will look better, live happier, and die better than some others whom fortune has smiled upon and the world deems more enviable.—*Union Signal.*

AN ORNAMENTAL WOODEN PAIL.

A small wooden pail with a cover, such as is used to pack fruit butter in, can be transformed into a very pleasing work receptacle. It should first be thoroughly washed and aired, to remove all odor of its former contents, and then lined on the inside with quilted silk. This may be either tacked in place, or the entire lining may be carefully fitted and then sewed together, after which a very few tiny tacks at the top will be all that is necessary to keep it in place. Pockets will be found a great convenience, and these may be fastened on the lining at the maker's taste. The lining is the troublesome part of this task, and it is easier and pleasanter to do it first, for then the rest of the work is plain sailing.

The pail should then have two coats of enamel paint. This may either be white, or some delicate shade of pearl or blue-gray. If the bands around the pail are picked out with gold, the decoration may stop there, but it adds very much to have some further ornament. A winter scene, with the branch of a snow covered tree, upon which a couple of robins are perching, is a pretty design; or a blue sky, across which a flight of swallows stand out boldly, or a cluster of apple blossoms, are all decorations which will be pleasing. Scrap pictures have been pasted upon the pail, which has first received a coat of paint, and the effect is very good, though of course not comparable to hand painting.—*Good Housekeeping.*

PUZZLES NO. 22.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where are God's people spoken of in the Bible as his "hidden ones"?
2. Find any passages in which God is spoken of as the "hiding-place" of his people.
3. Where is that title applied in prophecy to the coming Messiah?
4. Find the passages in which believers are said to be hidden—
   (1) in God's pavillion.
   (2) in his tabernacle.
   (3) in the secret of his presence.
   (4) in his secret place.
   (5) under his wings.
5. Mention any prayers which answer to these promises.
6. Of whom are we told that in a time of danger from persecution, "the Lord hid them?"
7. Can you find any passages which imply this in the day of great calamity God's people shall be sheltered as in a hiding-place?

PROVERB PUZZLE.

Supply the blanks with words to complete the sense, and transpose them into an appropriate proverb with no letter repeated.

There was a farmer once who said,
"I'm tired to death of * * * *,
If I could write as poets do
I wouldn't till the soil."
He worked all day, then lit the * * *,
And wrote till early * * * *
Upon a * * * * * * to the * * * * *.
But tore it up with scorn;
And dug a * * * * beneath a tree,
And buried it where none could see.
Now neither poet nor ploughman he.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 21.

HIEROGLYPHICS.—For they were fishers. And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets and followed him.—Matt. iv., 18, 20.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.—Nehemiah.

(1) Artaxerxes, king of Persia. This was the son of that Xerxes who invaded Greece; (2) i. 11; (3) ii. 5; (4) ii. 7, 8; (5) ii. 10; (6) iii. By dividing it into portions, and giving one portion to a ruler and those under him; (7) *a*, iv. 3; *b*, iv. 14; *c*, vi. 11, 12; *d*, iv. 18; *e*, iv. 23; (8) v. 15, 18; (9) viii. 2, 8; (10) The selling of the Jews, their sons and daughters, into bondage, v.; (11) The feast of tabernacles, viii. 14-18; (12) He prevailed upon them to make a covenant, ix. 10; (13) xiii. 15-22.

A STAR.—

W
I A
G A L I L E E
R L L M
I A
A D N C
M E D I A T E
L T
E

1 to 2, and 1 to 3, connected—William Wallace. 2 to 3, Mediate. 4 to 5, Galilee. 4 to 6, Griddle. 5 to 6, Emanate.

PUZZLE.—Autumn.

The Family Circle.

WHERE IS A BRITON'S FATHERLAND?

Where is a Briton's Fatherland?
Is't English land or Scottish land?
Is't Wales with many a wild ravine?
Is't Erin's groves and meadows green?
No; greater far, it seems to me,
A Briton's Fatherland must be.

Where is a Briton's Fatherland?
Is't Canada or Newfoundland?
Is't where, amid her lakes and isles,
St. Lawrence flows two thousand miles?
Oh, no! however grand they are,
My Fatherland is greater far.

Where is a Briton's Fatherland?
Is't fair Natal or Caffreland?
Is't where they rear the fruitful vines?
Is't where the Afric diamond shines?
No; let me rove where'er I will,
My Fatherland is greater still.

Where is a Briton's Fatherland?
Is't far Australia's coral strand?
Is't where they dig the yellow gold?
Is't where they gather flocks untold?
No; honor those as well as you may,
My Fatherland is more than they.

Where is a Briton's Fatherland?
Is't India's bright and sunny strand?
Is't where the hollow bamboo grows?
Is't where the sacred Ganges flows?
Ah, no! they see the sun decline,
A greater Fatherland is mine.

Where is a Briton's Fatherland?
What oceans bound that mighty land?
Is't where the pilgrim fathers rest,
The great Republic of the West?
No, no; her stars above her set,
My Fatherland is greater yet.

Where is a Briton's Fatherland?
Will no one tell me of that land?
'Tis where one meets with English folk,
And hears the tongue that Shakespeare spoke;
Where songs of Burns are in the air—
A Briton's Fatherland is there.

That is a Briton's Fatherland
Where brother clasps a brother's hand:
Where pledges of true love are given,
Where faithful vows ascend to heaven,
Where Sabbath breathes a stillness round—
A Briton's Fatherland is found.

Oh, may that Fatherland be still
Safeguarded by th' Almighty's will!
May heaven prolong our times of peace,
Our commerce bless, our trade increase,
And wider yet the bounds expand
Of our Imperial Fatherland!

Our glorious Anglo-Saxon race
Shall ever fill earth's highest place:
The sun shall never more go down
On English temple, tower, and town;
And, wander where a Briton will,
His Fatherland shall hold him still.

—"*Davaar*," *in Review of Reviews.*

CAPTAIN JANUARY.

(*By Laura E. Richards.*)

CHAPTER III.—*(Continued.)*

At this moment a shadow fell upon the grass, and a deep, gruff voice was heard, saying, "Star, ahoy!" The child started up, and turned to meet the new-comer with a joyous smile. "Why, Bob!" she cried, seizing one of his hands in both of hers, and dancing round and round him. "Where did you come from? Why aren't you on the boat?"

"Boat's aground!" replied the person addressed as Bob. He spoke in short, jerky sentences. He was dressed as a seafaring man; had wide, helpless-looking brown eyes, an apologetic smile, and a bass voice of appalling depth and power. "Boat's aground," he repeated, seating himself on the grass and looking about for a stem of grass long enough to put in his mouth. "Hard and fast. Waiting for tide to turn; thought I'd come, pass time o' day."

"And how came you to run her aground?" inquired the child, severely. "A pretty pilot you are! Why, I could steer her myself better than that."

"Fog!" replied the man, in a meek and muffled roar. Then finding a bit of sorrel, he fell upon it with avidity, and seemed to think he had said enough.

"H'm!" said Star, with a disdainful little sniff. "You'd better get Daddy to steer your boat. He doesn't mind fog. Are there many people on board?" she added, with an air of interest.

"Heaps!" replied Bob, succinctly. Then, after a pause of meditative chewing; "Like to go aboard? take ye—boat—Cap'n willin'."

"No, I don't want to go aboard, thank you!" said Star. "I don't like people, But you might just row me round her once, Bob," she added. "I think I should like that. But we must wait till Daddy comes, of course."

"Cap'n round?" inquired Bob.

"He's setting the lobster-pots," replied the child. "He'll be back soon. Bob," she added irrelevantly a moment after, "I never noticed before that you looked like Imogen. Why, you are the very image of her, Bob! Your eyes and your expression are exactly the same."

Bob raised his eyes and surveyed Imogen with a critical air. "Fine cow!" he said at last. "D'no's I mind—'s she doesn't."

"Isn't she a fine cow!" cried little Star, patting the meek and graceful head of her favorite. "I don't believe there's another such cow in the world. I know there isn't! I think," she added, "I will take a little ride on her, while we are waiting for Daddy Captain. Will you put me up, please, Bob?"

The obedient Bob lifted her as if she were a ball of thistle-down, and set her on the broad back of the good cow, who straightway began to pace sedately along the bit of meadow, following the guidance of the small hands which clasped her horns. Ah! who will paint me that picture, as my mind's eye sees it? The blue of sky and sea, the ripples breaking in silver on silver sand, the jewelled green, where the late dandelions flecked the grass with gold; and in the midst the lovely, laughing child, mounted on the white cow, tossing her cloudy, golden hair, and looking back with eyes of delight toward her companion.

The beauty of it all filled the eyes and the heart of Captain January, as he came up among the rocks. He paused, and stood for some time in silence, watching the little well-beloved figure. "Wall!" he said, "if that ain't one of the young-eyed cherubims, then I never seed one, that's all."

At this moment Star caught sight of him. "O Daddy," she cried. "My Daddy Captain, I'm having such a fine ride! It isn't quite as high as a heaven-kissing hill, but it's a heaven-kissing cow, for Imogen is really very high. Dear Daddy, won't you come and try it? there's plenty of room!"

"Thanky, Peach Blossom!" said the Captain, advancing, and greeting the apologetic Bob with a hearty shake of the hand. "Thanky kindly, but I don't believe I will try it. Ridin' was never, so to say, in my line. I'm stiddy enough on my own pins, but defend me from trying to get about on another critter's. And how's all with you, Bob? and why ain't you aboard the 'Huntress'?"

Bob in the fewest possible words related the mishap which had befallen the boat, and asked if he might take Missy out to see her.

"To be sure! to be sure!" said Captain January. "That'll be a nice trip for ye, Honeysuckle. Put on your bunnit and go with Bob. He'll take good care of ye, Bob will."

And so, by what seemed the merest chance, that lovely afternoon, little Star went with Bob Peet, in his old black boat, to see the steamer "Huntress" aground on a sand-bank off the main shore.

The sea lay all shining and dimpling in the afternoon light, and not a cloud was to be seen overhead. Here and there a white gull was slowly waving his wings through the clear air, and little fish came popping their heads out of the water, just for the pleasure of popping them back again. Star dipped her hands in the blue crystal below, and sang little snatches of song, being light of heart and without a care in the world. They were no nursery songs that she sang, for she considered herself to have outgrown the very few Mother Goose ditties which Captain January had treasured in his mind and heart ever since his mother sang them to him, all the many years ago. She was tired of

"Jacky Barber's coming to town;
Clear away, gentlemen! clear away gentlemen!
One foot up and t'other foot down."
Jacky Barber's coming to town."

But she loved the scraps of sea-song that the old Captain still hummed over his work; "Baltimore," and "Blow a Man Down," and half a dozen other salt-water ditties; and it might have been strange to less accustomed ears than Bob Peet's to hear the sweet child-voice carolling merrily:—

"Boney was a warrior,
Weigh! heigh! oh!
Boney was a warrior,
John Francois!
Boney whipped the Rooshians,
Weigh! heigh! oh!
Boney whipped the Prooshians,
John Francois!
Boney went to Elba,
Weigh! heigh! oh!" etc.

Bob's oars kept time with the song, and his portentous voice thundered out the refrain with an energy which shook the little skiff from stem to stern. By the time that "Boney" was safely consigned to his grave in sunny France, they were nearing the flats on which the steamer "Huntress" lay, quietly awaiting the turn of the tide.

Star knew the great white boat well, for twice a day she went thundering past Light Island, churning the quiet blue water into foam with her huge paddles, on her way to and from the gay summer city which all the world came to visit. Nearly every day the child would run out on the south rocks to wave a greeting to some of her acquaintances among the crew; for she knew them all, from the black-bearded captain down to the tiniest cabin-boy; and they, for their part, were always eager,—good souls!—for a smile or a nod from the "Star of Light Island." Not a man of them but envied Bob Peet his privilege of going when he pleased to the light-house rock. For Captain January was not fond of visitors, and gave them no encouragement to come, Bob Peet being the single exception to the rule. The Captain liked Bob because he was not "given to clatter," and "knew how to belay his jaw."

"I do love to see a man belay his jaw," said Captain January, unconsciously quoting the words of another and a more famous captain, the beloved David-Dodd. So Bob was free to come and go as he liked, and to remain in sociable silence for hours at a time, within the walls of Storm Castle.

"Stop here, Bob!" said Star, with an imperious motion of her hand. "I don't want to go any nearer." The obedient Bob lay on his oars, and both looked up at the great boat, now only a few yards away. The decks were crowded with passengers, who leaned over the railings, idly chatting, or watching the water to see if the tide had turned.

"Sight o' folks," said Bob Peet, nodding toward the afterdeck, which seemed a solid mass of human beings.

"Yes," said the child, speaking half to herself, in a low tone. "It's just like the Tower of Babel, isn't it? I should think they would be afraid. 'And the Lord scattereth them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth.' And it's so stupid!" she added, after a moment's pause. "Why don't they stay at home? Haven't they any homes to stay at? Who takes care of their homes while they go sailing about like loons?"

"Folks likes to v'yage," said Bob Peet, with mild toleration. "Heaps—nothin' t' do—hot spells—v'yages." He added, with an approach to a twinkle in his meek and owl-like eyes, "Try it—some day—git tired o' ol' Cap'n—ol' rock—pooty soon—take ye—v'yage—"

His speech was interrupted by a sudden and violent dash of water in his face.

"Take that!" cried Star, panting with fury, and flinging the water at him with all her small might. "I wish it was sharp stones, instead of just water. I wish it was needles, and jagged rocks, and quills upon the fretful porkypine, so I do! How dare you say such things to me, Bob Peet? How dare you?" She paused, breathless, but with flashing eyes and burning cheeks; while Bob meekly mopped his face and head with a red cotton handkerchief, and shook the water from his ears, eying her the while with humble and deprecatory looks.

"No offence," he muttered, in apologetic thunder-rumble. "Poor ol' Bob—eh, Missy? sorry, beg pardon! Never no more. Didn't mean it—nohow!"

The tempest subsided, as suddenly as it rose, and Star, with a forgiving nod, took out her own little handkerchief and daintily wiped a few drops from her victim's forehead.

"You're so stupid, Bob," she said frankly, "that I suppose I ought not to get angry with you, any more than I would with Imogen, though even she provokes me sometimes. So I forgive you, Bob. But if ever you say such a thing again as my getting tired of Daddy, I'll kill you. So know you know!"

"Jes' so!" assented Bob. "Nat'rally! To b' sure!"

The sudden splashing of the water had caught many eyes on the deck of the "Huntress," and people admired the "playfulness" of the pretty child in the little boat. One pair of eyes, however, was sharper than the rest.

"Just look at that child, Isabel!" said a tall, bronzed gentleman who was leaning over the taff-rail. "She is a perfect little fury! I never saw a pair of eyes flash so. Very fine eyes they are, too. A very beautiful child. Isabel! why, my dear, what is the matter? You are ill—faint! let me—"

But the lady at his side pushed his arm away, and leaned forward, her eyes fixed upon Star's face.

"George," she said in a low, trembling voice, "I want to know who that child is. I must know, George! Find out for me, dear, please!"

As she spoke, she made a sign towards the boat, so earnest, so imperative, that it caught Star's wandering gaze. Their eyes met, and the little child in the pink calico frock, and the stately lady in the India shawl, gazed at each other as if they saw nothing else in the world. The gentleman looked from one to the other in amazement.

"Isabel!" he whispered, "the child looks like you. What can this mean?"

But little Star, in the old black boat, cried, "Take me away, Bob! take me home to my daddy Captain! Quick! do you hear?"

"Jes' so!" said Bob Peet. "Nat'rllay!"

(To be Continued.)

PLATFORM OF PRINCIPLES.

The following platform of principles of the Christian Endeavor Society, framed largely by Dr. Wayland Hoyt, adopted by the trustees of the United Society and enthusiastically ratified by the last great international convention, is of interest as being the most recent expression of the principles the Society has always held.

First and foremost, personal devotion to our Divine Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Second. Utmost loyalty to their respective denominations on the part of all Christian Endeavor Societies.

Third. Steadfast personal love and service for the local church in which a society of Christian Endeavor exists. The church for each local society is the local church with which it is connected.

Fourth. Interdenominational spiritual fellowship among evangelical denominations, so setting forth their spiritual unity in Jesus Christ.

Fifth. Inasmuch as the name "Christian Endeavor," by a marvellous and triumphant trial and history of ten years, has come to mean the definite pledge for the weekly prayer meeting, the monthly consecration service, and the work of the lookout committee, we earnestly urge that, in all Christian fairness, societies which adopt substantially these methods adopt also the name "Christian Endeavor," and that this name be not applied to other methods of work. We believe that Christian Endeavor has earned the right to its own name and to its own principles and methods.

Sixth. Christian Endeavor interposes no barriers to the denominational control of the young people, and rejoices when denominations suggest special lines of Scriptural study, of denominational indoctrination, of denominational missionary activity, local, home and foreign.

Seventh. Christian Endeavor only desires that its fidelity to Christ and the local church and its opportunities for delightful spiritual fellowship be recognized and preserved.

MRS. BISHOP.

CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER AND AUTHOR.

Mrs Bishop, more familiar, perhaps, to the public as Miss Isabella L. Bird—is known chiefly as a traveller and a writer of books of travel. As a traveller in many an "unbeaten track" she has evinced an enterprise and an energy which few women have rivalled and few men surpassed; as a writer she has shown a remarkable literary gift, with a highly-cultivated and interesting mind, united to a winning simplicity of heart and an overflowing philanthropy.

At the bottom of all, and running through her life and her books alike, is a pure vein of Christian feeling, unobtrusively but effectively giving tone to the whole, and indicating one whose character has been cast in the mould of the Divine Master, and who *lives in converse with him* who was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners."

Mrs. Bishop's father was the late Rev. Edward Bird, successively rector of Tattenhall, Cheshire, St. Thomas, Birmingham; and Wyton, Hunts. Mr. Bird, who was brought up by his relative, the distinguished William Wilberforce, was related also to the late Dr. John Bird Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury, and to his brother, the bishop of Winchester. Mrs. Bishop's mother was a daughter of Mr. Marmaduke Lawson, a gentleman of property in Yorkshire. Both her father and mother were of very devout and uncompromising Christian character.

At Lambeth Palace and Winchester House, under the roofs of her relations, Miss Bird in early life made the acquaintance of many leading men and women; and as delicate health deprived her of many advantages in the way of education, her remarkable and early development of mind and character may have been due in some measure to this circumstance.

On the death of her husband, in 1858, Mrs. Bird with her two daughters (all her family), made Edinburgh her home. Eight years after Mrs. Bird died, and the two sisters continued to reside in or about Edinburgh till the death of the younger, Henrietta, a woman of great intellectual capacity and varied culture, and much endeared to her friends for her loving and gentle character, and her deep interest in the work of faith and the labor of love. In 1881 Miss Bird married Dr. Bishop, of Edinburgh, a medical gentleman of fine Christian character, highly cultured and accomplished, and of good standing in his profession. Unhappily their union did not endure for many years; after a severe illness, which lasted nearly three years, and during which his wife nursed him day and night, Dr. Bishop died at Cannes in 1886.

It will surprise many to learn that her first literary effort was made in her sixteenth year, and that the subject of her brochure was the Corn Laws.

A more auspicious publication appeared in 1856, after a visit to America in 1854. The title of the book was "The Englishwoman in America." It was a generous and appreciative account of her impressions of the country and its people, conceived in a very different spirit from that of such female writers as Mrs. Trollope. Several visits to that country in after years confirmed Mrs. Bishop's first impressions, and especially her deep interest in the churches, from whose enterprise and devotion she expected a powerful contribution to the evangelization of the world.

Our space will not permit of our speaking in detail of her other books. Their titles are: "The Hawaiian Archipelago," 1873; "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," 1874; "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," 1880; and "The Golden Chersonese," 1882. The work on which she is at present engaged, and which is almost ready for publication, is entitled "Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan." An important feature of this book will be its notices of medical missions, in which, in common with her late husband, Mrs. Bishop has always had a deep interest. The book will give an account of more than a year's travelling in Persia and Turkish Kurdistan. Our readers may have observed how deep an impression was made on her by what she saw of the persecutions of Christians at the hands of the Kurds. Two papers on the subject were published after her return in *The Contemporary Review*, and in the course of last session of Parliament Mrs. Bishop addressed a meeting of members of Parliament in one of the committee-rooms of the House of Commons; the subject was fairly brought under the notice of public men, and will surely not be lost sight of until the shocking injustice and cruelty complained of are brought to an end.

In addition to the books which she has written, Mrs. Bishop has been a contributor to several of our reviews and magazines. *The Quarterly*, *North British*, *The Leisure Hour*, and *The Sunday Magazine* were channels of many papers. Particular reference should be made to a series of papers on "Ancient Christian Hymns" that appeared in *The Sunday Magazine* many years ago, because the subject was so interesting and the treatment so fresh and felicitous that the hope has not been abandoned by some that they may one day be revised and issued in a volume.

Mrs. Bishop's achievements as a traveller are the more remarkable because not only is her bodily frame slight and almost fragile but her health is far from robust, and through weakness of the spine many a day, and even many a month, has had to be spent by her on the sofa. Her earlier journeyings were undertaken by medical advice for the restoration of her health, and as if the energy of her spirit had some charm to drive off the ailments of her body, she seems, as long as the travelling lasts, to enjoy unwonted vigor. Through her remarkable tact, joined to a very gentle and kindly manner, she has usually contrived to conciliate the friendly feeling of all the races, civilized or otherwise, with whom she has come in contact, and it is an interesting fact that, though she was twice robbed, she has never experienced personal insult or rudeness anywhere she has been. Doing much of her travelling on horse-back, she has found her interpreter in some native well acquainted with the customs of the country, so that she has been able to avoid anything that would have given offence to the people. She seems always to have pleasant impressions of the people, having few wants, and these easily satisfied, and counting the Englishman's privilege of grumbling as a rule more to be honored, by travellers especially, in the breach than the observance.

In the course of the spring and summer of the present year Mrs. Bishop has addressed a large number of meetings in London and elsewhere on medical missions, and the claims of Mohammedan Asia on the Christian church. This she has come to regard as a duty, and, within the limits of her strength, she is willing to go wherever she is asked in furtherance of these objects.

While Mrs. Bishop continues to be an attached member of the church in which she was reared, she has ever taken a deep interest in other churches, wherever she has resided. Into the history of the Scotch churches she entered with the greatest interest, and usually when in Scotland she has worshipped in one or other of them. Into all ecclesiastical and social questions she enters *con amore*, seeking to test their character and their drift, and always showing her sympathy for whatever tends to advance the true Gospel of Jesus Christ. If at any time she should give to the public some of her thoughts on the churches of the country there would be much in her utterance to ponder and to afford profit. A mind so intelligent, joined to a spirit so catholic and a mind so devout, might have much to say that would be well worth listening to. The same thing may be said in regard to the social questions of the day. Her acquaintance, not only with Great Britain but the United States, and her observation of the many different aspects of life in the countries of Europe, Asia, and America, which she has visited, would qualify her in an unusual degree for such a task. We are very sure that any judgment she might pronounce on such subjects would be given with calmness and impartiality, and without a particle of bitterness, and it would have the benefit of coming from one who is not only possessed of superior intelligence, but who has had opportunities of observation that but few have enjoyed.

We cannot conclude without special reference to her interest in Christian missions, and especially medical missions. In addition to what has been already noticed, two substantial tokens of this are already before the world—the one a woman's hospital, with sixty beds, and accompanying dispensary, established by her at Srinagar, in Kashmir, in memory of her husband; the other, a hospital in Bias, in the Punjab, in memory of her sister. The book now in the press will afford further evidence of her interest in this cause, and will be found, we doubt not, a powerful plea for a form of Christian service which the memory and example of her husband, not less than her own observations and convictions, have commended very warmly to herself.—*The Christian.*

MRS. BISHOP.

PIQUE AND JEALOUSY.

Pique and jealousy often play havoc in the Sabbath-school. Teachers become offended at the way things are done, or at some influential member in the church, and in a fit of ill-humor throw up their classes. We noticed an instance of this the other day. A teacher took offence at something which a certain set in the congregation did, and informed the superintendent that she would not teach any longer. Her feelings were so hurt that she would not work any more in either the school or the church. Accordingly, she tendered her resignation of the places of trust and usefulness which she had held and filled with credit and acceptance. She was reasoned with, but all to no avail. Her action resulted in injury to the school and in discouragement to pastor and Christian workers. She is but one of hundreds who yield to their feelings when they think they are slighted, or have cause for being grieved. In her case the trouble grew out of a misunderstanding of what was said and done. Investigation showed that no personal injury was intended. Thus it is in scores of instances. Sensitiveness to affront or susceptibility to the influence of some designing friend, who misrepresents what occurred, lie at the bottom of too many misunderstandings and alienations. Wounded pride produces resentment. Personal difficulties, instead of being settled outside of the church and Sabbath-school, are brought into these sacred spheres, and result in division and separation. What a pity Christian workers cannot see eye to eye, and cannot labor side by side and heart to heart! Or if offences arise between brethren, why cannot they settle the matter among themselves in a Christian way, and not allow their disputes to interfere with the cause of Christ? The church and Sabbath-school should be deemed sacred, above our petty griefs, and dearer than our fancied insults. Let all work for Christ for his sake, however others may treat us, and study the things that make for peace.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

A WORKER'S COUNCIL.

An enthusiastic, consecrated Sunday-school superintendent, who had an intense desire to see his school at work for Christ, urged upon his scholars and teachers the privilege and duty of active service. Sunday after Sunday came the strong appeals from his desk, and at last one young girl came to him and said she was ready to go to work, and would he please give her something to do. He was startled to find that he had never thought about what he wanted them to do, and he had not a single definite bit of work to suggest to her. But he was soon master of the situation, and in a short time had a strong force at work in different lines of Christian activity. Suppose you plan for a worker's council. Announce your meeting several weeks before the time, explaining the purpose of it. Ask all the young people to hunt up all the plans for work that they have ever heard of, and bring them to the meeting. Hold your meeting in a small, bright room, either at your own home or at the church. After short but effective devotional exercises, throw the meeting open for the discussion of plans. Close with a consecration meeting, calling for volunteers. More than likely your heart will be made glad by some, perhaps many, pledging themselves to the service of our master. Don't forget to pray much and earnestly before your meeting, and ask others to join you in prayer both for it and for the young people.—*Sunday School Times.*

A MORAL TONIC.

That was a courageous answer of the three young men, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, in Babylon, when commanded to bow down and worship the golden image set up by the king: "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not worship thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up. Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us out of the burning fiery furnace; and he will deliver us out of thy hand, O king." It is an inspiration and a tonic for all young people when tempted and tried to read the third chapter of Daniel.

SANTA CLAUS IN THE PULPIT.

BY REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, IN "ST. NICHOLAS."

"One and a half for Billington!"

The speaker was standing at the ticket window in the station of the Great Western Railway. Evidently he was talking about tickets: the "one" was for himself, the "half" for the boy who was clinging to the small hand-satchel, and looking up rather sleepily at the ticket-seller's face.

"When do you wish to go to Billington?" inquired that official.

"On the next train: eleven o'clock, isn't it?" asked the traveller.

"That train does not run Saturday nights; no train leaves here for Billington until to-morrow, at midnight!"

"But this train is marked 'daily' in the guide."

"It was a daily train until last month."

"Well, here's a how-d'ye-do!" said the tall gentleman, slowly; "only three hours' ride from home, on the night before Christmas; and here we are, with no help for it but to stay in Chicago all Christmas Day. How's that, my son?"

"It's bad luck with a vengeance," answered the lad, now thoroughly awake, and almost ready to cry. "I wish we had stayed at Uncle Jack's."

"So do I," answered his father. "But there is no use in fretting. We are in for it, and we must make the best of it. Run and call that cabman who brought us over from the other station. I will send a message to your mother; and we will find a place to spend our Sunday."

This was the way it had happened: Mr. Murray had taken Mortimer with him on a short business trip to Michigan, for a visit to his cousins, and they were on their return trip; they had arrived at Chicago, Saturday evening, fully expecting to reach home during the night. The ticket-agent has explained the rest.

"Take us to the Pilgrim House," said Mr. Murray, as he shut the double door of the hansom; and they were soon jolting away over the block pavements, across the bridges, and through the gayly lighted streets. It was now only ten o'clock, and the Christmas buyers were still thronging the shops, and the streets were alive with heavily-laden pedestrians who had added their holiday purchases to the Saturday night's marketing, and were suffering from the embarrassment of riches. Soon the carriage stopped at the entrance of the hotel, and the travellers were speedily settled in a second story front room, from the windows of which the bright pageant of the street was plainly visible.

While Mortimer Murray is watching the throngs below, we will learn a little more about him. He is a fairly good boy, as boys average; not a perfect character, but bright and capable, and reasonably industrious, with no positively mean streaks in his make-up. He will not lie; and he is never positively disobedient to his father and mother; though he sometimes does what he knows to be displeasing to them, and thinks it rather hard to be reproved for such misconduct. In short, he is somewhat self-willed, and a little too much inclined to do the things that he likes to do, no matter what pain he may give to others. The want of consideration for the wishes and feelings of others is his greatest fault. If others fail in any duty toward him, he sees it quickly and feels it keenly; if he fails in any duty toward others, he thinks it a matter of small consequence, and wonders why they are mean enough to make such a fuss about it.

This is not a very uncommon fault in a boy, I fear; and boys who, like Mortimer, are often indulged quite as much as is good for them, have great need to be on their guard against it.

Before many moments Mortimer wearied of the bewildering panorama of the street, and drew a rocker up to the grate near which his father was sitting.

"Tough luck, isn't it?" were the words with which he broke silence.

"For whom, my son?"

"For you and me."

"I was thinking of your mother and of Charley and Mabel; it is their disappointment that troubles me most."

"Yes," said Mortimer, rather dubiously. In his regret at not being able to spend his Christmas day at home, he of course had thought of the pleasure of seeing his mother and his brother and sister and the baby; but any idea of their feelings in the matter had not entered his mind. Only a few hours before, in the Murray's home, Nurse with the happy baby in her arms had said to Charley and Mabel:

"Cheer up, children, and eat your supper. Your papa and Master Mortimer will surely be here by to-morrow."

But Mortimer so many miles away had not heard this. Now he glanced up at his father and spoke again:

"When shall we have our Christmas?"

"On Monday, probably. We can reach home very early Monday morning. We should not have spent Sunday as a holiday if we had gone home to-night. Our Christmas dinner and our Christmas-tree must have waited for Monday."

"Do you suppose that mother will have the tree ready?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"My! I'd like to know what's on it?"

"Don't you know of anything that will be on it?"

"N—no, sir."

Mortimer's cheeks reddened at the questioning glance of his father. He had thus suddenly faced the fact that he had come up to the very Eve of Christmas without making any preparation to bestow gifts upon others. He had wondered much what he should receive; he had taken no thought about what he could give. Christmas, in his calendar, was a day for receiving, not for giving. Every year his father and mother had prompted him to make some little preparation, but he had not entered into the plan very heartily; this year they had determined to say nothing to him about it, and to let him find out for himself how it seemed to be only a receiver on the day when all the world finds its chief joy in giving.

Mortimer had plenty of time to think about it, for his father saw the blush upon his face, and knew that there was no need of further words. They sat there silent before the fire for some time; and the boy's face grew more and more sober and troubled.

"What a pig I have been!" he was saying to himself. "Never thought about getting anything ready to hang on the tree! Been so busy in school all last term! But then I've had lots of time for skates and tobogganing, and all that sort of thing. Wonder why they didn't put me up to think about it! P'raps they'd say I'm big enough to think about it myself. Guess I am. I'd like to kick myself, anyhow!"

With such discomforting meditations, Mortimer peered into the glowing coals; and while he mused, the fire burned not only before his feet but within his breast as well—the fire of self-reproof that gave the baser elements in his nature a wholesome scorching. At length he found his pillow, and slept, if not the sleep of the just, at least the sleep of the healthy twelve-year-old boy, which is generally quite as good.

The next morning, Mortimer and his father rose leisurely, and after a late breakfast walked slowly down the avenue. The air was clear and crisp, and the streets were almost as full of worshippers as they had been of shoppers the night before; the Christmas services in all the churches were calling out great congregations. The Minnesota Avenue Presbygational Church, which the travellers sought, welcomed them to a seat in the middle aisle; and Mortimer listened with great pleasure to the beautiful music of the choir, and the hearty singing of the congregation, and tried to follow the minister in the reading and in the prayer, though his thoughts wandered more than once to that uncomfortable subject of which he had been thinking the night before; and he wondered whether his father and mother and the friends who knew him best did really think him a mean and selfish fellow.

When the sermon began, Mortimer fully determined to hear and remember just as much of it as he could. The text was those words of the Lord Jesus that Paul remembered and reported for us, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And Doctor Burrows began by saying that everybody believed that, at Christmas-time; in fact, they knew it; they found it out by experience; and that was what made Christmas the happiest day of the year. Mortimer blushed again, and glanced up at his father; but there was no answering glance; his father's eyes were fixed upon the preacher. The argument of the sermon was a little too deep for Mortimer, though he understood parts of it, and tried hard to understand it all; but there was a register in the aisle near by, and the church was very warm, and he began looking down, and after awhile the voice of the preacher ceased, and he looked up to see what was the matter, and there, in the pulpit, was—who was it! Could it be? It was a very small man, with long white hair and beard, and ruddy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and brisk motions. Yes; Mortimer had quite made up his own mind that it must be he, when a boy by his side, whom he had not noticed before, whispered:

"Santa Claus!"

This was very queer indeed. At least it seemed so at first; but when Mortimer began to reason about it, he saw at once that Santa Claus, being a saint, had a perfect right to be in the pulpit. But soon this did not seem, after all, very much like a pulpit; it had changed to a broad platform, and the rear was a white screen against the wall; and in place of a desk was a curious instrument, on a tripod, looking something like a photographer's camera and something like a stereopticon. Santa Claus was standing by the side of this instrument, and was just beginning to speak when Mortimer looked up. This was what he heard:

"Never heard me preach before, did you? No. Talking is not my trade. But the wise man says there's a time to speak as well as a time to keep silence. I've kept my mouth shut tight for several hundred years; now I'm going to open it. But my sermon will be illustrated. See this curious machine?" and he laid his hand on the instrument by his side; "it's a wonder-box; it will show you some queer pictures—queerest you ever saw."

"Let's see 'em!" piped out a youngster from the front seats. The congregation smiled and rustled, and Santa Claus went on:

"Wait a bit, my little man. You'll see all you want to see very soon, and may be more. I've been in this Christmas business now for a great many years, and I've been watching the way people take their presents, and what they do with them, and what effect the giving and the taking has upon the givers and takers; and I have come to the conclusion that Christmas certainly is not a blessing to everybody. Of course it isn't. Nothing in the world is so pure and good that somebody does not pervert it. Here is father-love and mother-love, the best things outside of heaven; but some of you youngsters abuse it by becoming selfish and greedy, and learning to think that your fathers and mothers ought to do all the work and make all the sacrifices, and leave you nothing to do but to have a good time."

Just here Mortimer felt his cheeks reddening again, and he coughed a little, and opened a hymn-book and held it up before his face to hide his blushes.

"So the fact that Christmas proves a damage to many is nothing against Christmas," Santa Claus continued; "but the fact that some people are hurt by it more than they are helped is a fact that you all ought to know. And as Christmas came this year on Sunday, it was my chance to give the world the benefit of my observations.

"There is one thing more," said the preacher, "that I want distinctly understood. I am not the bringer of all the Christmas gifts." Here a little girl over in the corner under the gallery looked up to her mother and nodded, as if to say, "I told you so!" "No; there are plenty of presents which people say were brought by Santa Claus, with which Santa Claus had nothing at all to do. There are some givers whose presents I wouldn't touch; they would soil my fingers or burn them. There are some takers to whom I would give nothing, because they don't deserve it, and because everything that is given to them makes them a little meaner than they were before. Oh, no! You musn't believe all you hear about Santa Claus! He doesn't do all the things that are laid to him. He isn't a fool.

"And now I'm going to show you on this screen some samples of different kinds of presents. I have pictures of them here, a funny kind of picture, as you will see. Do you know how I got the pictures? Well, I have one of those little detective cameras—did you ever see one?—that will take your portrait a great deal quicker than you can pronounce the first syllable of Jack Robinson. It is a little box with a hole in it, and a slide, that is worked with a spring, covering the hole. You point the nozzle of it at anybody, or anything, and touch the spring with your thumb, and, click! you have it, the ripple of the water, the flying feet of the racer, the gesture of the talker, the puff of steam from the locomotive. I've been about with this detective, collecting my samples of presents, and now I'm going to exhibit them to you here by means of my Grand Stereoscopic Moral Tester, an instrument that brings out the good or the bad in anything, and sets it before your eyes as plain as day. You will first see on the screen the thing itself, just as it looks to ordinary eyesight; then I shall turn on my reonian light through my ethical lens, and you will see how the same thing looks when one knows all about it, where it came from, and why it was given, and how it was received.

"First, I shall show you one or two of those presents that I said I wouldn't touch. Here, for example, is an elegant necklace that I saw a man buying for his wife in a jewellery store yesterday; I caught it as he held it in his hands. There! isn't it a beauty? Links of solid gold, clasp set with diamonds; would you like it, girls?"

"H'm! My! Isn't it a beauty!" murmured the delighted children, as they gazed on the bright picture.

(To be Continued.)

A CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

A leading feature in the character of General Gordon was a dislike of complimentary speeches. "No gilt," he would exclaim imperiously; "no gilt, mind, no gilt. Say what is to be said, but no praise. I do nothing. It is an honor if God employs me. Do not send me your paper with anything written about me; and mind—do not forget, no gilt?" No doubt he knew, as all know, how easy it is to be puffed up; and so he wisely sought to avoid temptation. He would very seldom talk of himself at all, and when he did so, he never claimed merit. A book was written about his work in China, and he was asked to read it before it came out. Page after page—the parts about himself—he tore out to the poor author's chagrin, who told him he had spoiled his book! "No man," he said, "has a right to be proud of anything; he has received it all." He had many medals, for which he cared little. A gold one, however, given to him by the Emperor of China, with a special inscription, he did value. But it suddenly disappeared; no one knew where or how. Years afterwards it was found out by curious accident, that he had erased the inscription, sold the medal for ten pounds, and sent the sum anonymously to Canon Miller for the relief of the sufferers from the cotton famine in Manchester.—*Rev. Chas. Bullock.*

SANTA CLAUS IN THE PULPIT.

BY REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, IN "ST. NICHOLAS."

(Concluded.)

"Don't be too sure!" cried the preacher. "Things are not always what they seem. Look!"

A new light of strange brilliance now lit up the pictures, and every link of that golden chain was transformed into an iron fetter that fastened a woman's wrist,—a woman's wrist that vainly strove to release from its imprisonment a woman's hand. The chain itself was a great circle of women's hands,—wan, cramped, emaciated, pitiful hands,—each one holding a needle, each one clutching helplessly the empty air. Within this circle suddenly sprung to view a little group—a woman, bending by the dim light of a winter afternoon over a garment in her hands, and two pale children lying near her on a pallet covered with rags, while the scanty furniture of the room betokened the most bitter poverty. It was evident enough that the poor creatures were famishing; the hopeless look on the mother's face, as she plied her needle with fierce and anxious speed, glancing now and then at the sleeping children, was enough to touch the hardest heart; a low murmur of pitiful exclamation ran around the room, and there were tears in many eyes.

"She is only one of them," cried Santa Claus. "There are four hundred just like her, working for the man who bought this necklace for his wife yesterday; it is out of their life-blood that he is coining his gold. And to think that such a man should take the money that he makes in this way to buy a Christmas present. Ugh! What has such a man to do with Christmas?" And the good saint shook his fist and stamped his feet in holy wrath. Then the group faded, leaving what looked like a great blood-stain in its place; but that, in its turn, shortly disappeared, and the white screen waited for another picture.

"I have many pictures that are even more painful than this," said the preacher, "but I am not going to let you see any more of them. I only want you to know how the rewards of iniquity look in the æonian light. There are a few more pictures, less terrible to see, but some of them will be a little unpleasant for some of you, I fear. Here is a basket of fruit; it looks very tempting, at first; but let the true light strike it. There! now you see that it is all decayed and withered. It is really as bitter and disgusting as it now looks. It was given, this morning, by a young man to a politician. The young man wants an office. That was why he made this present. A great many so-called Christmas presents are made for some such reason. Not a particle of love goes with them. They are smeared all over with selfishness. Christmas presents! Bah! Is this the spirit of Christmas?

"But here is one of a different sort."

A pretty crimson toilet-case now appeared upon the screen.

"Elegant, is it not? Now see how it looks to those who live in the æonian light."

The crimson plush slowly changed to what looked like rather soiled canton flannel, and the carved ivory to clumsily whittled bass-wood.

"What is the matter with this? I shall not tell you who gave it, nor to whom it was given; it is no real wrong-doing on the part of the giver that makes the gift poor; it is only because the gift represents no effort, no sacrifice, no thoughtful love. In fact, the one who gave it got the money to buy it with from the one who received it. There are a great many Christmas presents of this sort; it isn't best to say any hard words about them; but you see that they are not, really, quite so handsome as they look. Nothing is really beautiful, for a Christmas present, that does not prove a personal affection, and a readiness to express it with painstaking labor and self-denial. Now I'm going to show you another, which will enable you to get the idea."

It was a little picture-frame of cherry-wood rather rudely carved, that now appeared upon the screen.

"The boy who made this for his mother works hard every day in school and carries the evening papers to help with the family expenses; he carved this at night, when he could gain a little time from his lessons, because he couldn't afford the money to buy anything, and because he thought his mother would be better pleased with something that he himself had made. You think it doesn't amount to much, don't you? Well, now look!"

The transfiguring light flashed upon the screen, and the little cherry frame expanded to a great and richly ornamented frame of rosewood and gold, fit to hang upon the walls of a king's palace; and there, in the space that before was vacant, surrounded by all that beautiful handiwork, was the smiling face of a handsome boy.

The people, old and young, forgot that they were in church and clapped their hands vigorously, Santa Claus himself joining in the applause and moving about the platform with great glee.

"Yes," he cried, "that's the boy, and that's the beauty of this little frame of his; the boy is in it; he put his love into it, he put himself into it, when he made it: and when you see it as it really is, you see him in it. And that's what makes any Christmas present precious, you know; it comes from your heart and life, and it touches the heart and quickens the love of the one to whom it is given.

"WITHIN THIS CIRCLE SUDDENLY SPRUNG TO VIEW A LITTLE GROUP."

"I have a great number of presents of this sort that I should like to show you if I had time. Here, for instance, is a small glass inkstand that a little boy gave his father. It is one of half-a-dozen presents that he made; it cost only a dime or two, and you think it is not worth much; but now, when I turn the truth-telling light upon it, you see what it is—a vase of solid crystal, most wonderfully engraved with the richest designs. The boy did not make this with his own hands, but he gained every cent that it cost him by patient, faithful, uncomplaining labor. He begged the privilege of earning his Christmas money in this way, and right honestly he earned it; leaving his play whenever he was summoned for any service, without a word of grumbling, and taking upon himself many little labors and cares that would have burdened his father and mother. When he took his money and went out to spend it the day before Christmas, he was happy and proud, because he could fairly call it his own money; and the presents that he bought with it represented him.

"And now there is only one thing more that I shall show you, but that is a kind of thing that is common, only too common I'm afraid. It is a present that is all beautiful and good enough till it left the hands of the giver, but was spoiled by the receiver. Here it is."

A silver cup beautifully chased and lined with gold, now came into view.

"A boy whom I know found this in his stocking this morning. He was up bright and early; he pulled the presents out of his stockings rather greedily; he wanted to see whether they had bought for him the things he had been wishing for and hinting about. Some of them were there and some were not; he was almost inclined to scold, but concluded that he might better hold his tongue. But this boy had made no presents at all. He is one of the sort that takes all he can get, but never gives anything. That is what Christmas means to him. It is a time for getting, not for giving. And I want you to see how this dainty cup looked, as soon as it got into his greedy hands."

Again the revealing light fell upon the cup and its beauty and shapeliness disappeared, and it was nothing but a common pewter mug, all tarnished and marred, and bent out of form.

"There!" cried the preacher; "that is the kind of thing that is most hateful to me. It hurts me to see lovely things fall into the hands of selfish people, for such people can see no real loveliness in them. It is love that makes all things lovely; and he who has no love in his own heart can discern no love in anything that comes into his hands. What does Christmas mean to such a one? What good does it do him? It does him no good; it does him harm, every time. Every gift that he gets makes him a little greedier than he was before. That is the way it works with a certain kind of Sunday-school children. They come in, every year, just before Christmas, only because they hope to get something; they take what they can get, and grumble because it isn't more, and go away, and that's the last of them till Christmas comes round again. That's what they think of Christmas. They think it is a pig's feast. Precious little they know about it. I know them, thousands of them! But they never get anything from me,—never! They think they do, but that's a mistake! I don't like to see my pretty things marred and spoiled like this cup. I'm not going to give to those who are made worse by receiving.

"No! I can do better. I can find people enough to whom it is worth while to give Christmas gifts because there is love in their hearts; and the gift of love awakens more love. Those who know the joy of giving are made better by receiving. And there are hosts of them, too, millions of them; tens of millions, I believe, more this Christmas than ever before since the babe was born in Bethlehem; people whose pleasure it is to give pleasure to others; good-willers, cheerful workers, loving helpers, generous hearts, who have learned and remembered the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

Through all this part of Santa Claus's sermon Mortimer had known that his face was growing redder and redder; he was sure that the eyes of all the people in the church were being fixed on him; he felt that he could not endure it another moment, and he caught up his hat and was going to rush out of the building, when suddenly the voice was silent, and he looked up to see what it meant—and Santa Claus was not there; it was Doctor Burrows again, and he was just closing the Bible and taking up the hymn-book. Mortimer glanced around him and drew a long breath of relief.

As they walked back to the hotel, Mr. Murray asked Mortimer how he liked the sermon.

"Which sermon?" asked Mortimer.

"Why, Dr. Burrows' sermon, of course."

"Oh, yes, I forgot. It was a good sermon, wasn't it?"

"Excellent. What was the text?"

"'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Wasn't that the way he ended up?" asked Mortimer, brightening.

"It was."

"I thought so."

"Thought so; didn't you hear it?"

"Yes, I heard that. But—I was hearing—something else about that time, and I wasn't sure."

"What else did you hear?"

"Lots. P'raps I'll tell you some time," replied the lad

Mr. Murray did not press the question, and Mortimer was silent All that day and the next Mortimer seemed to have much serious thinking to do; he was a little reluctant to take his Christmas presents, and he received them at last with a tender gratitude that he had never shown before.

"It must have been Dr. Borrows' sermon," said Mr. Murray to his wife as they were talking it over the next night. "I didn't think Mortimer could get so much out of it; in fact I thought he was asleep part of the time, but it seems to have taken hold of him in the right way. It was a good sermon and a practical one. I'm going to ask our minister to exchange some time with Dr. Burrows."

"I wish he would," said Mrs. Murray.

That was the way Mr. and Mrs. Murray looked at it. But I think that if they had asked Mortimer, Mortimer could have told them that it would be a much better idea to suggest to their minister that he exchange some time with the Reverend Doctor Santa Claus.

A MODERN LOCOMOTIVE.

In a modern locomotive there are nearly six thousand pieces. Some of these are very small. Isolated and alone, how useless and valueless, but organized into an engine, and that vitalized as it may be, what a mighty force is secured. So in our churches are thousands of young people. As individuals and alone they regard themselves of no service, but organized and then consecrated to service, what a might they may become in leading back this lost world to Christ.

A GREAT WRONG.

The parents who rear their sons in idleness are doing them an unspeakable harm. Every boy is entitled to know by actual experience what hard manual labor means, and to get the blessing that comes from toughened muscles and a sun-tanned skin. —*Christian Advocate, Nashville.*

THE PROFESSOR AND THE WHITE VIOLET.

The Professor.

Tell me, little violet white,
If you will be so polite,
Tell me how it came that you
Lost your pretty purple hue.
Were you blanched with sudden fears?
Were you bleached with fairies' tears?
Or was Dame Nature out of blue,
Violet, when she came to you?

The Violet.

Tell me, silly mortal, first,
Ere I satisfy your thirst
For the truth concerning me—
Why you are not like a tree?
Tell me why you move around,
Trying different kinds of ground,
With your funny legs and boots
In the place of proper roots.

Tell me, mortal, why your head,
Where green branches ought to spread,
Is as shiny smooth as glass,
With just a fringe of frosty grass.
Tell me—why, he's gone away!
Wonder why he wouldn't stay.
Can he be—well, I declare!—
Sensitive about his hair?

—*St. Nicholas.*

OUR FATHERS: OUR MOTHERS.

HOW ARE THEY CARED FOR?

They who were once the children, cherished, petted and beloved; who were, later on, the honored and respected heads of families, ruling their own households well, and giving in turn the same loving care to their flock which they received in their own childhood and youth; they who were once useful and active members of society, whose opinions were sought and deferred to, whose words had weight, and whose influence was felt throughout the whole community,—what shall be done with them?

A change has come over them. Time in its onward march works ravages with the body and mind. The once strong hands and willing feet are weakened by the infirmities of age. The active, fertile brain works more slowly and less clearly. Little by little work and care are given up, till the man and woman come to realize that they are no longer capable of a place in the working world; that they must step aside for rest, and roll their burdens upon younger and more able shoulders.

Happy they who know how to grow old gracefully, and who fall into kind and loving hands as they journey toward the land of immortal youth.

What shall we do with the old folks? For somehow there doesn't seem to be a superfluity of willing hearts and ready hands to assume their care.

Often it is the case that no one quite wants them. Some members of the family can't possibly "take them."

One has a wife who says, she ain't used to old folks, and they'd worry the life out of her in a year, sitting round in the way and doing nothing; and then, of course, they'd be sick, old folks always were, and she don't know anything about sickness. She wouldn't have married Jack at all if she had had the least idea that he was going to take care of his father and mother.

So Jack, who is really a good boy, though weak, falls back on the Bible where it says, "A man shall leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife."

Another young man has the western fever. No friends, no persuasions, no money can hold him. He is young, and he can't sacrifice all his prospects in life, he must provide for his own household, he who doesn't is "worse than an infidel." He's sorry for the old folks, he is truly, but he don't see how he can stay.

Another don't like living on a farm. It's a dog's life anyway, and the old folks never would be contented to leave their old home.

Here is a fine young man who has a call to preach, and he longs to make his life one great sacrifice. So he goes and leaves the altar of home that was waiting for and needed just such an offering as he, and he only, perhaps, could have laid thereon.

But alas! no one has a call to take care of the old folks. As with the sons so with the daughters. They go away from home to teach, to work in factories, to tend counters, to become type-writers and telegraph operators, to be trained as nurses, to become lady physicians to teach the freedmen, to go as missionaries, to become wives; but, somehow, there is no nook in their abodes where father and mother can fit in.

So they stay on alone in the old home, and in their unselfishness pray for the prosperity of their children.

Do these children make themselves a greater name and more money? Perhaps so. Do they do more good and get more real soul satisfaction? Perhaps not.

And so it comes to pass that a multitude of old people—grandparents, parents, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters—are left to be cared for by those who are not bound to them by ties of kindred.

Their kin are kind to them in one way,—they come to see them occasionally, they make them presents sometimes, they come to them if they are sick, they weep over their dead faces, and say, "How much we owe them!"

They give everything, perhaps, but just what the dear old folks most wanted,—a real home, the daily ministration of loving hearts, and this, not as a duty alone, but a privilege.

One said pathetically of a dear old lady who had been endured, who had taken the poorest though she had done her best, "Grandma'am folded her hands, and went up to the graveyard to rest. It was the first time she'd ever had her own way since she lived with Seth's folks when they were willing."

Do you say that this is too strong? Do you say that there are comparatively but few old people who are left to actually suffer, that there is always some way provided even when it looks dark?

I admit it. God does oftentimes have a wonderful way of making up to them our deficiencies with his goodness; but where does our blessing come in?

Will he fill our cups to the very last if we are remiss in duty? Are we not growing old ourselves? How soon these active brains and busy hands will reach the maximum of their powers, and begin to decline! Are we prepared to be judged by the standard, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again?"

What more lovely sight (for there are grand exceptions, thank God!) than to see the old and young in one family all joining to make one another happy and comfortable, where the old are young and the young old in their interests and endeavors for each other? You go out from such a home feeling as though a benediction had fallen upon you.

I know a daughter in her prime who is making the sweetest home for her aged parents and an aunt. True, she has some privations, but she has more compensations, so she would tell you, and as her sweet, satisfied face would bear testimony.

I think of another who was husband, son and daughter to her widowed mother for many years, and who now takes the greatest comfort in the thought that the dear one has reached that better world to suffer no more.

I bring to mind a dear girl who is just past the sweet prime of youth, who says, "I shall stay with father and mother now that the boys are all gone," and she is the light of that home; and also another who gave the best years of her life to the care of an invalid mother, at the expense of what the world would call "good prospects."

We do not know all the sacrifices these daughters have made. Such girls don't say much about sacrifices; in fact, they have so many compensations they don't think much about them.

We find, too, some happy examples among the young men. We know of one who is his father's only stay in his declining years in the care of a large farm, while brothers and friends have urged him to join them in more congenial business; and another who gave up for a time his great desire for an education that he might be feet and hands for an aged grandfather.

Then there was the "only son of his mother," who when her health failed and her mind became shattered, left a lucrative position and kept house for her, ministering to her wants like a daughter to the very last.

Such instances as these help us to keep our faith in filial duty. Would that they were more numerous.

These dear old folks deserve much from our hands, not only for what they have done for us and been to us in all the years of our helplessness, but for what they are and are soon to be.

A long life brings dignity, honor and respect, and the added mystery and beauty of the life so soon to open up to them invests them with a peculiar charm and interest,—that life that is never to grow old, that home where they will no longer need our most tender and loving ministrations.

What shall we do with the old folks? Love them, care for them, work for them, sacrifice for them, give them the warmest corner at our firesides and in our hearts, and take our pay thankfully, reverently,—not in money, oh, no!—*Charity Snow in The Household.*

FINDING THE CONSTITUTION.

BY APHIA G. TILLSON.

"I am just as ashamed as I can be." A glance at the flushed face of the speaker confirmed the statement.

"Why?" and Chester Lennox, president of the Endeavor Society, looked smilingly into the eyes of the vice-president.

"Well, I made a most astonishing discovery. While looking over some old papers this afternoon, I found a model constitution of the Y. P. S. C. E. Imagine my chagrin upon learning that I have been a member of a society for two years with no knowledge of its rules. And more than that, I have been secretary, treasurer, and am now vice-president. How can I atone for the unconscious injury I have done?"

"Now look here, May Wilcox, you need not go on abusing yourself because of such a trifle," Chester interrupted lightly, for he saw that the girl's eyes were filling with tears. "You have not committed any very grievous wrong. The constitution is of little importance."

"Don't say that. It is of great importance. Our society is at a standstill, simply because we so little heed the rules that other societies live up to. May we not do something to increase the interest and influence of our society? May we not do something?"

"I don't see what," he returned in a tone of mingled indignation and indifference. "We can only be faithful ourselves. We cannot dictate to others."

"I think we can to a certain extent, but—just wait until I am president and see."

. . . . . .

A year has passed, a year of great importance to the Christian Endeavor Society.

To-night for the first time for ten months Chester Lennox enters the prayer-meeting. He has been very ill, so ill that his friends despaired of his life; but to-night he sits in his accustomed place, thanking God that he is once more permitted to meet with the young people.

He is wholly unprepared for the changes he finds. He looks inquiringly at the young man who occupies the leader's chair. He can scarcely believe his own eyes as he recognized Luke Grey, who was such a veritable infidel. The room is fast filling now, and he glances at May with a question on his lips.

"Be prepared for many changes. I have been president, you know," she smilingly answers.

Chester's eyes opened wider and wider when the meeting began. The leader opened the meeting with a brief prayer, followed by a service of song; and Chester noticed with pleasure that the pianist merely gave the chord, then the active members rose and repeated their pledge, then a dozen sentence prayers, a few remarks by the leader, and the roll-call.

In the roll-call was the most genuine surprise of all, for, as he heard name after name called, he realized that nearly all those formerly associate members were now active. Somebody had been at work.

If I could but tell you the thoughts that flashed through his mind! When his name was called, he said, "Friends, I find my heart too full to speak to-night. When I realize better the reason of this transformation, I may do better. But after what I have seen and heard, I must reconsecrate myself to my Master's service. He has spared my life; I will use it for him."

When they stepped out upon the street after the service was over, Chester said, "Now, May, tell me how it was done?"

"Why, there is nothing to tell, it all came about so naturally. When you were taken ill, I assumed the dignity of president. I impressed upon the mind of the Endeavorers that the constitution was not a mere string of words, I told them that it contained rules and suggestions that, followed, would make the society a grand success. Several of the others thought as I did, and together we brought the others around to our way of thinking. We held meetings of the executive committee, of the look-out, prayer-meeting, and social committees; and there was at last a genuine enthusiasm on the part of the whole society. The attendance increased; the meetings were more interesting; everyone was alert, earnest. This feeling could not be kept in the society. It went outside, and drew in the uninterested. There was a revival. Our ranks were increased twofold. I do not wonder that you were surprised to-night when you saw Luke in the leader's chair, but that is only the beginning of marvellous things. God has been very good to us. He has heard our prayers."

"You have done as you said you would, have you not? I am glad that I was ill if I was a stumbling-block in the way of the society's usefulness. I see why I was ill, and I see, also, how unfaithful I have been in the past. God helping me, I will try to help carry on the good work, which has been so well begun."—*Golden Rule.*

THE BOSTON *Traveller* publishes the following: "A seven-year-old Boston lad, building 'better than he knew,' invented the other day a new and exceedingly appropriate name for the ordinary run of city saloons. The little fellow knew that we bought tea at a tea-store and boots at a boot-store. So this kind of unconscious analogy guided his speech. At the table the other day he broke out with the news: 'I seed two men coming out of a drunk-store; and one of 'em was oxticated.' 'Drunk-store,' the *Traveller* recommends for general use as the more appropriate to the regular business of such places."

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THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal. All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'"